

THE DIAL

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THE MIDDLE-CLASS MIND.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, who is one of the most fair-minded and intelligent students of American society and politics, makes the following pertinent observations upon the intellectual life of this country:

"While the sum total of American intelligence is undoubtedly impressive, it is more by reason of its quantity than its quality. I mean that the educational system of the country has rather raised a great and unprecedented number of people to the standard of what we in England should call middle-class opinion than raised the standard itself, and that as a consequence the operative force of American politics is middle-class opinion left pretty much to its own devices and not corrected by the best intelligence of the country. And middle-class opinion, especially when left to its own devices, is a fearsome thing. It marks out the nation over which it has gained control as a willing slave of words, a willing follower of the fatal short-cut, a prey to caprice, unreasoning sentiment and the attraction of 'panaceas,' and stamps broadly upon its face the hall-mark of an honestly unconscious parochialism. Such, to be quite candid, appears to me to have been too much its effect in America. I know of no country where a prejudice lives so long, where thought is at once so active and so shallow and a praiseworthy curiosity so little guided by fixed standards, where a craze finds readier acceptance, where policies that are opposed to all human experience or contradicted by the most elementary facts of social or economic conditions stand a better chance of captivating the populace, or where men who are fundamentally insignificant attain to such quaintly authoritative prestige."

It is a character-study of Mr. Bryan that leads Mr. Brooks to make these striking generalizations. It was, we believe, observation of British middle-class opinion concerning the war between Russia and Turkey that led Matthew Arnold, in 1877, to deliver himself of the following comment:

"That wonderful creature, the British philistine, has been splashing about during the war in a way more than worthy of himself. That is what is peculiar to England and what misleads foreigners; there is no country in the world where so much nonsense becomes so public, and so appears to stand for the general voice of the nation, determining its government."

Viewed in the light of this reciprocal criticism, honors would seem to be easy as regards the two countries concerned, since the philistine mind and the middle-class mind may be taken as mutually convertible terms.

With all its intellectual shortcomings, and its deplorable lack of idealism, this type of mind

is one of the most substantial assets of any nation, and it is only when it plants itself as an obstacle in the path of progress, or when it blindly turns from the light that shines for the vision "purged with euphrasy and rue" that it becomes an object of derision. Nor is it without its specific virtues and its peculiar, if narrow, idealism. It makes for stability in the social order, and it sets bounds which are on the whole salutary to the unlicensed strivings of the intellectual order. It has an eye for the practical and the concrete, and looks askance at whatever is abstract or speculative. The mechanism of society needs a "governor" to save it from being torn to pieces by its internal energies, and this controlling influence is supplied by the middle-class mind. Philosophical historians assure us that the middle-class element preserves societies from disintegration, perpetuating the institutions which are its bone and sinew. It saved through the middle ages what was best worth saving from the wreck of the Roman Empire; the weakening of its power was responsible for such tragic catastrophes as the partition of Poland and the French Revolution. It organized the Reformation and evolved the Hanseatic League. Its sturdy resistance to oppression overthrew the Stuart despotism and achieved the Italian Risorgimento. It saved the American Union in the dark years of the sixties. It is to-day stoutly opposing imperialistic oppression in Finland, aristocratic predominance in the Scandinavian countries, and military heroics in the German Empire. It expresses the solid central mass of the people in nearly every modern nation; its individual units are neither of the servile caste nor of the highly-placed, but of the sober and self-respecting class which pays the bills of society and keeps its course in safe channels. "Its steady-going habit," says Matthew Arnold, "leads at last, as I have said, up to science, up to the comprehension and interpretation of the world. . . . Doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave, coats that wear, watches that go, and a thousand more such good things, are the invention of the philistines." We may use Arnold's epithet derisively, as the Frenchman uses the epithet "bourgeois," but we must recognize in the class thus described the steadying force which normally keeps society in its grooves, and which, when those grooves are seen to be outworn, does not shrink from the heavy task of setting it into new ones.

The idealistic mind, impatient with the slow march of progress, cannot do full justice to these

qualities, and we must confess that Mr. Brooks's arraignment strikes a responsive chord in our consciousness. Every phrase of it brings up suggestions of things that are deplorably wrong, and that shake even a robust faith in democracy as we see it applied to our society. How true it is that the best intelligence of the country seems quite unavailing to correct these evils. How often are we made to realize that our public is "a willing slave of words, a willing follower of the fatal short cut, a prey to caprice, unreasoning sentiment, and the attraction of panaceas." Let the meteoric career of the Progressive Party during the past year attest the justice of this criticism. How "the hall-mark of an honestly unconscious parochialism" is visibly stamped upon the meddlesome legislation which seeks to regulate our eating and drinking and clothing, which imposes an ignorant police censorship upon our art and literature and amusements. The long life of unreasoning prejudice, the shallowness of popular thinking, the lack of fixed standards for our conduct, the amazing success with which crazes fix themselves upon us, the way in which we fly counter to all the teachings of experience in our public policies, are matters which force themselves upon us with painful frequency, and almost make us despair of our civilization. And all these unlovely phenomena are the direct outcome of the workings of the middle-class mind, and are daily illustrated in the pages of its favorite newspapers, and in the utterances of its popular preachers and politicians.

It is middle-class taste and intelligence that maintain gutter journalism, and the imbecility of musical comedy, and the inane novel, and the ragtime song, and the comic supplement. Indeed, where any form of artistic expression is concerned, the middle-class mind is hopelessly at sea, and remains wedded to its ugly idols despite all the assaults made upon its citadel. As Moody once wrote in a letter: "Calliope is the one Muse we recognize, and she has a front spare bedroom and unlimited pie." Especially does it lay its blighting touch upon the fine art of education, and under its control our public schools become every year more soddily inefficient. The democratic society in which its ideals prevail has only contempt for the finer manifestations of the human spirit, and makes no secret of its hatred for every kind of real distinction. Thus we see that the middle-class mind has the defects of its qualities, and even to the vision not wholly jaundiced the defects may loom so large in the foreground as to

obscure the sterling qualities that lie behind. Such as it is, we have to reckon with it every day of our lives, and we can never quite escape from the consciousness of its clammy hold upon our limed souls struggling to be free.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE VISIT OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL TO CHICAGO in 1887, and the unfortunate controversy resulting from his substitution of an address on Shakespearean criticism for the address on American politics which was expected of him, was the subject of an article published July 1 in this journal. One of the by-products of that visit was a small volume of veiled scurrility, published anonymously soon afterward, the work of Mr. Frank M. Bristol, a Methodist minister then living in this city, who was one of the most vociferous and vituperative of Mr. Lowell's assailants. The title of this volume was "Richard the Third and the Primrose Criticism." We have lately received a deeply interesting letter on the subject from one of Lowell's friends who does not wish to be named, and from which we print the following extracts:

"I read to-day with great pleasure your article, 'A Page of Ancient History.' A life-long intimate friend of Mr. Lowell, I knew the pain the circumstances gave him, and I have always regretted that there was no full public record of his position. I have almost equally regretted during the last five years an extraordinary mistake that is connected with Mr. Lowell's Chicago visit. In the 'Variorum' edition of 'Richard the Third' (H. H. Furness, Jr.), published in 1908, there is a note on p. 581 attributed to J. R. Lowell. This note expresses opinions precisely *opposed* to those held by Mr. Lowell. I wrote at once to Mr. Furness expressing my astonishment at this (to me) utterly indefensible and injurious carelessness, and pointing out that Mr. Lowell's views were distinctly stated in his essay on 'Richard the Third,' published in the (posthumous) volume, 'Latest Literary Essays' (1898). Mr. Furness wrote to me in answer (Dec. 30, 1908): 'You are quite right. The "Primrose Criticism" is not by J. R. Lowell, but by F. M. Bristol, as was pointed out to me by a correspondent shortly after the publication of my volume of Richard III. I was misled by a copy of the book in which the name of "Lowell" was written on the title page in pencil. No other name appears throughout the book, nor is J. R. Lowell mentioned by name: though the whole work is evidently a violent attack on his Chicago lecture. [It is certainly odd to make a long and important citation without reading the work containing it.] I have corrected the error in the second edition, which is to appear early in the new year.' I have not seen this second edition, and do not know how properly he corrected this atrocious error, but I think it very insufficient action. I had said to him that I thought he ought immediately to declare the error (I implied with an apology to Lowell's memory) in the 'Nation.' (I did not know THE DIAL as well then as now.) Those who own the first edition are little likely to see the second, or to become aware of the correction in a note, and I have never seen any notice of it. I enclose the passage from Mr. Lowell's essay most worth printing in contrast to the note."

The passage, as written in 1883, is as follows:

"I believe it absolutely safe to say of Shakespeare that he never wrote deliberate nonsense, nor was knowingly guilty of defective metre; yet even tests like these I would apply with commendable modesty and literary reserve, con-

scious that the meaning of words, and still more the associations they call up, have changed since Shakespeare's day; that the accentuation of some was variable, and that Shakespeare's ear may very likely have been as delicate as his other senses. . . . I am convinced that if we had Shakespeare's plays as he wrote them . . . we should not find a demonstrably faulty verse."

HOT-WEATHER READING ought, for the sake of one's physical comfort, to be of such a nature that its stimulus will fall short of excitement, its imagery tend to evoke cooling rather than calorific mental visions, and its narrative have an equable flow like the stream of a shaded meadow brook. Attention has been called to the peculiar fitness of Trollope's novels for hot-weather reading. Theirs is a gentle surface titillation that never stirs the depths; the heroes and heroines tear no passion to tatters; the happy ending, with due apportionment of rewards and punishments, can be counted on to a certainty. Among other excellent dog-day books, it may be permitted to mention Franklin's ever-entertaining autobiography (a good edition of which is now to be had, at small expense, in "Everyman's Library"). The calmness and evenness of its style are unsurpassed. Admirable was the method its writer adopted to avoid needless friction and heat in conversation and debate, denying himself the use of such positive expressions as "certainly" and "undoubtedly," and substituting instead the less provocative "I conceive" or "I apprehend," or "I imagine," or "so it appears to me at present." "And this mode," he says, "which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me." Cooling to one of fervid temperament is the account he gives of the way he won over an enemy in the General Assembly. "Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him, expressing my desire of perusing that book, and requesting he would do me the favour of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately, and I returned it in about a week with another note, expressing strongly my sense of the favour. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before), and with great civility; and he ever after manifested a great readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death." Truly, the pages of this admirable book seem to waft cool breezes as one turns the leaves on a warm summer day.

UNPOETIC DEVOTIONAL VERSE, glowing, it may be, with religious ardor and throbbing with ecstatic emotion, but abounding in inappropriate or even ludicrous imagery, in clumsy expressions and faults of rhyme and rhythm, can easily be cited by anyone familiar with the hymns of the church. Opening this moment that well-known hymnal compiled by Dr. Charles S. Robinson and entitled "A Selection

of Spiritual Songs," we chance upon A. R. Cousin's "Immanuel's Land," near the end of which the writer avows his intention to gaze, not at glory, "but on my King of Grace—not at the crown he gifteth, but on his pierced hand." Is "gifteth" chosen in preference to "giveth" because of a fancied superiority in elegance or spirituality, or is it simply a misprint? In the same book, hymn 1005, there is a sounding couplet about "the effluence of uncreated light" that might without excessive harshness be called mystical nonsense. A correspondent wrote the other day to a certain religious weekly published in Boston asking for help in finding a dimly-remembered hymn which contains the ignobly-jubilant refrain, "Nothing more have I to do; Jesus paid it all." Somewhat akin to the mood inspiring this is that which prompted the couplet (said to occur in an old Methodist hymn, and, according to Mr. Lucas, keenly relished by Charles Lamb), "Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare; you can't come too filthy—come just as you are." In a late number of "The English Review" Professor W. H. D. Rouse writes on "Our 'Melancholy' Hymnal," deploring the inferior quality of much of the devotional verse now in use, and selecting for censure certain familiar hymns. After pointing out sundry faults in one of these, he says: "The rest of the hymn is of like doggerel. It would be only too easy to multiply examples of these childish devices. It is unlucky that piety seems so fond also of mixing metaphors; so that a voice is spurned, the Deity is at once a rock and a creature with wings, a stream, a support, a covering. Bonar makes a staff and buckler guide, Keble compares the Holy Dove to a gale; even an accomplished scholar like Stanley fills his verses with senseless padding and vulgar tags, and appears to be amply satisfied." Nevertheless, with all their shortcomings, our hymns of to-day are far superior to those in use a century ago, and the improvement is still in progress.

WHAT THEY READ IN THE PHILIPPINES is partly indicated by the latest number that has reached us of the "Bulletin of the Philippine Library" (Vol. I., No. 9). Nine and one-half double-column pages are filled with titles of "recent accessions," while two more pages announce the "duplicates in the Filipiniana division offered for sale or exchange." Standard works, chiefly in English or Spanish, with a few in Latin in the departments of philosophy and religion, and a considerable number of books on "the linguistics of the Philippine Islands," make up the greater part of the list of late additions to this young but evidently vigorous public library. Its users are now in the fortunate position of being able to choose between Michael Sanchez's "Cursus Theologiæ Dogmaticæ" and Mrs. Alice Caldwell Hegan Rice's "Romance of Billy-goat Hill," or between Sophocles in Plumptre's translation and Mark Twain's "Old Times on the Mississippi"—with other alternatives too numerous to mention. The opening pages of the Bulletin are devoted to

"School Libraries in the Philippines." We quote the first paragraph: "During the last six or eight years the library movement in the Philippine schools has developed into an important factor among the aids to education. Beginning as it did in a tentative effort to gather a few books together in a convenient place for the use of students, it has now reached the stage where 'our library' is a matter of pride with nearly every student. Few schools in Manila are so unprogressive as not to own some sort of a library usually provided by the work of the students themselves, while the movement has spread to the provinces, making such rapid headway that nearly a year ago the Bureau of Education found it necessary to get out a bulletin of forty pages entitled 'Libraries for Philippine Public Schools.'"

THE CLASSICAL STYLE OF DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, England's new poet laureate, is made the subject of comment (usually laudatory) in various quarters. Mr. Henry C. Shelley, London literary correspondent of the Boston "Transcript," writes in the following strain concerning Mr. Austin's successor: "He is, above all things, a scholarly poet, an experimenter in metre, and a restorer of classical models. As a metrist he is accounted among the most subtle of modern days and learned even to difficulty. In blank verse he is regarded as the equal of Tennyson; he was the first to re-introduce the triolet into English, while in such a poem as his 'Ode on Peace' he illustrates his command of *Alcaics*. Now a poet who sets himself to write English verse in classical metres must of necessity handicap himself, but a consciousness of that fact has not deterred Mr. Bridges from indulging his personal preference. To all this has to be added the further obstacle that he has few purple patches or brilliant epigrams; one of his greatest admirers has confessed that 'his charm is subtle and wins gradually on the ear and on the mind. His fragrance is not that of "voluptuous garden roses," but delicate, natural, wilding. His note is unforced. He has little or no rhetoric. His colors are true and tender, not gaudy or hot.' Moreover, the themes which appeal to Mr. Bridges are hardly those which capture the most attention. True, he touches now and then upon love in a restrained manner, but his preference is for such subjects as lend themselves best to the use of classical scholarship and a spirit of philosophical musing." Whether he is one's favorite sort of poet or not, his poetic gift is unquestioned, and his appointment is made the subject of no such jesting comment as was noticeable when his predecessor took the place left vacant by Tennyson.

LOCAL HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS such as many libraries, especially State university libraries in the West, pride themselves on making as completely representative and illustrative of their particular section as possible, form the rich mines in which future historians will delve with profit and pleasure. Nineteen years ago the library of the University of Illinois made its first systematic and earnest attempt

to get together all that was valuable and available in the written history of the surrounding region; and since then gratifying progress has been made in this work. The historical collection formed under the direction of Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites at Madison is widely known among students and writers of history. Minnesota and Kansas have at their State universities similar collections of great and ever-increasing value; and other regions are equally fortunate. In the Newberry Library at Chicago the department of regional history is notably strong, and that at the University of Chicago Library has very recently been strengthened by the addition of the Durett collection on the early history of the vast region to the westward of the Alleghany Mountains. From published accounts of this collection, which is said to number nearly thirty thousand volumes, it appears to contain complete files of many early western newspapers, the manuscript autobiography and journal of George Rogers Clark, the journal of Thomas Walker, first of Englishmen to cross the Mississippi valley, that of the French explorer, Celeron, the McAfee and Shelby papers relating to Kentucky, papers of General Wilkinson, English and Spanish transcripts of early documents, and diaries and letters of many now forgotten early explorers of the great West. With its other like collections of material for the study of local and more widely regional history, Chicago now becomes more than ever attractive to those interested in the story of western American discovery and settlement and progress.

SHAKESPEARE IN GERMANY, if one is to believe what a high authority, Professor Alois Brandl, of the University of Berlin, said in his late address before the British Academy, has an even greater vogue than with those who speak his own language. His spirit appears to be verily alive among the Teutons, where, on an average, there are four performances of his plays every night throughout the year. Innumerable repertory companies are always at work on Shakespeare, and there is no sign of any diminution of interest in his dramas; rather is this interest increasing and spreading through the country, fostered especially by the municipal theatre with its regular and well-trained company of actors. In Germany it seems to be considered a reproach for a town not to have a theatre of its own; and as for demanding rent for its use, the city fathers would blush at the mere suggestion, so eager are they to help rather than to hinder the cause of the drama in its best and worthiest examples. And so no small share of the attention of the municipal theatre is devoted to adequate presentation of Shakespeare. Thus it has come about, it is said, that Shakespearean phrases and quotations have a remarkable vogue in Germany, and Shakespearean and other English studies are encouraged in the schools and universities. In this connection we recall our pleased surprise on hearing, in long-ago student days in Berlin, our landlady's ready and

apt quotation from Hamlet's soliloquy in the course of the table-talk one morning soon after our arrival. How many English or American landladies will one hear quoting Shakespeare to their boarders at the breakfast-table?

A PUBLISHER'S PROTEST against a protective tariff on books ought to have greater weight with our government authorities than the protest of a book-buyer, although even the latter's remonstrance is worthy of respectful consideration. Mr. George Haven Putnam, returning recently from London, and learning of the threatened imposition of a tax on importations of books in foreign languages, addresses a letter to the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, in the course of which he says: "I am writing on behalf of the American Publishers' Copyright League to make clear to your Honorable Committee that the publishers and the book trade generally consider such a tax unnecessary, undesirable, and inexpedient even on the basis of a protectionist policy, while its enactment would constitute a material inconsistency in the policy announced by the present Congressional majority and the Administration. We look with confidence to your Committee to decline to give favorable consideration to any such suggestion. I am myself a printer and a book-manufacturer as well as a publisher, and I am expressing not only my individual judgment and that of my firm, but that of the American publishers generally in the statement that we have no need of any special assistance from the United States Government to maintain the foundations of our business." What possible pretext, then, can there be for laying any sort of duty on literature? The revenue accruing will be inconsiderable in any event, while those from whose pockets it is taken are as a rule least able to bear the extortion.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW STATE LIBRARY OF NEW YORK at Albany is cause for congratulation to all concerned. In addition to a full description of the new State Education Building where the Library has its home, there is published a smaller illustrated pamphlet setting forth the numerous modern conveniences and admirable equipment of the library quarters recently thrown open to the public. The reader is thus ushered into this palace of literature: "From the main entrance the public reading rooms are reached by a staircase twenty-five feet wide, leading directly into the central rotunda, the most striking feature of the building. It is cruciform, like an Italian church. Both the nave and the transept, as they may aptly be termed, are vaulted and at the crossing are crowned with a dome which runs up through three stories. The centre of this rotunda forms the architectural centre of the building, and from there access is had to the five principal reading rooms; or better stated, perhaps, a group of five special libraries—law, medicine, periodicals, legislative reference and public documents, and the principal reference room. The latter seems likely

to rank as one of the handsomest and most satisfactory reading rooms in the country. One hundred and twenty-five by one hundred and seven feet and fifty-five feet high, extending through the second and third floors, it is an adaptation of the reading room of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris." The descriptive pamphlet extends to twenty-eight pages of matter especially interesting to librarians and library architects. . . .

THE BOOK TO WHICH ENGLISH LITERATURE IS MOST INDEBTED is, of course, the Bible; and the extent of that indebtedness will be at least partly realized by readers of Professor William Gilmer Perry's article on the subject in the August "North American Review." Amusing is the story he tells to illustrate Macaulay's early employment of scripture phrase, which all the world knows the great historian and essayist later used so often and to such excellent effect. Finding one day that the maid had disarranged the pebbles marking off his little garden, the boy Macaulay exclaimed: "Cursed be Sally! For it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark.'" Significant is the fondness with which the English-speaking world clings to the phraseology of the King James version of the Bible and refuses to accept any later and, philologically, more accurate rendering. Mrs. Barr, in her recently-published autobiography, takes pleasure in fortifying her own preference for the old version by relating her conversation with one of the authors of the "Revised Version" who always carried a New Testament in his pocket and declared his attachment to the little volume, which, on examination, proved not to be the translation in which he had himself collaborated, but the much older and less scholarly one that it was designed to supersede. . . .

THE PROBLEM OF THE LEATHER BINDING, the best way, if there be any way, to preserve its flexibility and prevent its going to pieces at the hinges, is instructively touched upon by Miss Janet C. Lewis in the current issue of "Special Libraries." But she withholds the most valuable and practically useful part of her knowledge on the subject; for, after relating her varied experience with leather bindings and holding our breathless attention to the point where, after much unsuccessful experimenting, she at last "obtained an animal and vegetable oil combined which owing to its penetration has proved to be an excellent lubricant and food for the leather," she abruptly and unkindly leaves us to guess if we can the magic formula used by her in the composition of this elixir of life for leather-bound books. Nevertheless, some of the observations that precede this cruel betrayal of our faith are worth quoting. She says: "Surface lubricating is of very little real avail, as in the use of vaseline or lucelline or like mineral oils, which lack the essential penetrating qualities owing to their being of a mineral nature. An animal or a vegetable oil is the only kind which the leather really absorbs." We are further cau-

tioned not to shut up our leather-bound books in glass cases or where there is insufficient circulation of air. Perhaps it is only with benevolent intent that Miss Lewis leaves us to the uncertainties, the disappointments, the suspense, and the anxiety of experimentation, in order that ours may be the full joy of final success if perchance we achieve it. . . .

A NOTEWORTHY BIT OF TOMBSTONE VERSE, from the hand of a distinguished poet, may be read on the slab that marks the grave of J. A. Howells, lately deceased, brother of Mr. William Dean Howells. The early life of the eminent novelist, poet, and essayist,—his boyhood experience of newspaper work in the office of the Ashtabula "Sentinel," which his father edited, and his early contracting there of a fondness for printer's ink, which has never left him,—is too old a story to need repetition here. His brother, J. A. Howells, succeeded in due time to the editorship of the "Sentinel," and on the "make-up" stone long used by him in his work as printer are now inscribed the lines that commemorate his fifty years' connection with the paper. His death occurred at Jefferson, Ohio, and there his grave and his tombstone are to be seen. The epitaph runs as follows:

"Stone upon which with hands of boy and man
He framed the history of his time until,
Week after week, the varying record ran
To its half-century tale of well and ill,
Remember now how true, through all these days,
He was—friend, brother, husband, son—
Fill the whole limit of your space with praise.
There needs no room for blame—blame there was none." . . .

ART AND JUSTICE are conceived of by the author of "Jean-Christophe" as sustaining a peculiarly close relation to each other. Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn, in a thoughtful article on M. Romain Rolland in the August "Century," quotes him as maintaining that "he who can see injustice without trying to combat it is neither entirely an artist nor entirely a man," and tells us how his artist-soul was aroused to protest by the Dreyfus episode and by the Boer War. It is largely to this spirit of revolt against observed acts of injustice that we owe the hero biographies which he gave to the world with these stirring words: "The air is heavy about us. Old Europe is waxing torpid in an oppressive and vitiated atmosphere. A materialism devoid of grandeur cumbrous thought and fetters the action of governments and of individuals. The world is dying of asphyxia in its prudent and vile egoism. The world is stifling. Fling the windows wide open! Let the free air rush in! Let us inhale the vivifying breath of the heroes!" And the same spirit helps to animate the ten volumes of his famous "Jean-Christophe." . . .

AMERICAN RECOGNITION OF JAPANESE CULTURE has never been tardy or grudging, and now the establishment of a professorship at Harvard for the teaching of Japanese literature and philosophy and kindred subjects, with the appointment of Dr.

Masaharu Anesaki, of the Imperial University, Tokio, to fill the chair, is another evidence of the praiseworthy readiness of the West to sit as a disciple at the feet of the older East. At present engaged in teaching the science of religion at the Tokio institution, Professor Anesaki is reputed as well versed in the history and doctrines of Christianity as in those of his own faith, Buddhism; and though still comparatively young, having been born in 1873, he is the author of a number of works of oriental learning, such as "The History of Indian Religions" and "The Personality of Buddha," and has distinguished himself also in less serious departments of literature in his native Japanese. Even short stories are credited to his versatile pen, and he is said to write almost as well in French and English as in his own language. The special subject to which he has of late devoted himself has to do with the Pali texts of Buddhism and their Chinese counterparts.

THE CRITICAL BOOKSELLER, tradesman, and professor of literature combined, more joyful over the sale of one good book than over that of a hundred best-sellers of the passing hour, is rarely or never met with in real life; hence our pleasure in greeting him in the person of the idealist hero of Mr. Howells's story, "The Critical Book Store," in the August "Harper's Magazine," and our regret that this example of what a bookseller ought to be so soon lost faith in his mission and sold out to one inspired with less exalted ideals. But of course the plan was too good to succeed except in a bookshop endowed and conducted as a public educational institution — somewhat like the public library, which, untainted by commercial greed and managed by well-educated and high-minded officers, is in a position to accomplish much that no tradesman, dependent for support on the profits of his business, can ever hope to achieve.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING ONCE MORE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your gracious and discriminating editorial on "Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate," speaking of spelling-reform you say that Dr. Bridges would "certainly regard such abortions as 'thru' and 'program' as typically horrible."

If "program" without the wasted ending *me* is horrible, why should not "epigram" and "monogram" be also restored to their Gallic rights? If we must have the sporadic and unnecessary *u* in "honor" and "parlor," why not in "tenor" and in dozens of other words of similar Latin derivation? Why not indeed found a society for Decorative Spelling? I have a book in which Milton's "sovrán" ("plain in its neatness") is spelt "soueraygne," and nearly every other word has accretions which would rejoice the most conservative of conservatives. Yet every once in a while in books of the same period there are examples of typical simplifi-

cation which would rejoice the fiery heart of the learned and genial Dr. Scott — *t* used for *ed*, "tho" for "though," and the like. Indeed scarcely one of the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board cannot be supported by pre-Johnsonian printers. The dislike of any given spelling is merely a matter of prejudice, and after a while the absurd and inconsistent vagaries of the present system will seem as ridiculous and awkward as would an ichthyosaurus or a pterodactyl strutting round in a barnyard.

It is a fact, I believe, that a vast majority of the best English scholars approve of reformed spelling; and while personally I should find it difficult to adopt the transmogrifying system recommended by the English Society, I do think that the majority of the simplifications contained in the revised list of the American Simplified Spelling Board are in the line of a much-needed improvement. Germany has within a few years successfully simplified some thousands of words, and no one can doubt that the general superiority of German students over the American and English (even with the terrible handicap of stupefying beer) is due to the earlier age at which they can begin really to study, while our children are obliged to spend many months in trying to master an illogical and absolutely unscientific spelling-book. As Superintendent Maxwell of Manhattan says, it tends to make the mind unethical to find no analogies, and has a bad effect on the morals. So although he detests "thru" for "through," and similar guillotinations of words, he would for the sake especially of the immigrants cause simplified spelling to be adopted by the Public Schools of New York if it were in his power to do so.

I realize how useless it is to argue against a prejudice, especially in trifling matters. Marriages have been ruined by the finical crook of a little finger or the curl of a mustache, and words are dear to those that use them. I think I lost the friendship of a fine Englishman because I preferred to spell "Tolstoy," while he wanted to reform it backwards to "Tolstoy." I recognize the insuperable difficulty of a phonetic method of representing English (with all the varieties of local or national pronunciation); but it is better to reform some vices, even if one can't cure them all, than to go on forever dragging the chain of obvious crudities and anachronisms. A little light is better than total darkness, and I rejoice every time I see a "thru" and a "quartet" and a "program." It is a step in the right direction.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLK.

"Hedgecote," Glen Road, Boston, Mass., Aug. 7, 1913.

[Our correspondent attempts no defense of "thru," and so we are not called upon to explain how such a spelling destroys the proper pronunciation of the word. The reason why we consider "program" horrible is that it inevitably leads to a pronunciation which accents the first syllable, and reduces the second to an inconsiderable caudal appendix. We hear the word pronounced "pró-gram" every day with the "gram" almost lost. We know of no way to keep the full value of the second syllable (which means preserving the dignity of a fine old word) without spelling it in the orthodox way. "Epigram," "monogram," and "telegram" are not cases in point, for the excellent reason that they are *three-syllabled* words, which makes it almost impossible not to give

the "gram" its full value in their pronunciation. This is so elementary that we are almost ashamed to write it. As to the general question of a forced simplification of spelling upon logical lines, we do not consider it arguable, because it is so essentially a matter of taste. Such "arguments" as are advanced in behalf of the "reform" seem to us too shallow to be deserving of serious consideration.—EDITOR THE DIAL.]

THE VARIORUM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read with interest and profit the review of the latest addition to the "New Variorum" Shakespeare, in THE DIAL of July 16. This impresses me as in some respects the most thorough, candid, and just review of a book that has appeared in your columns in many moons.

The reviewer lists a dizzy number of errors in spelling, punctuation, etc. It seems to me that Dr. Furness went from one extreme to another when, after making in five plays a text of his own, he adopted the First Folio text not only as to words, but also as to the old style spelling and even type forms. While I can understand that "what Shakespeare wrote depends very largely upon a knowledge of the peculiarities of the language of his day, that Elizabethan English is a wholly different thing from modern English, and that the poet's linguistic peculiarities were the peculiarities of his age," it seems to me that if our "New Variorum" editor would supply extracts from the writings of linguists explaining these peculiarities to the uninitiate and at the same time would give the text in modern form, Shakespeare's meaning could not only be more easily studied but such errors as your reviewer cites could not occur. The editor would also profit in that he would be required to give less attention to the mechanical side of his work, and the appeal of the Shakespeare spirit in him would be more fully emancipated.

Scholarly and varied as are the suggestions of your reviewer, it seems curious to me that one who appreciates the dramatic effect that was served by the invention of Cæsar's deafness in the *left* ear, should have apparently accepted the following statement from Mr. Furness unchallenged: "He [Cæsar] is a braggart, inflated with the idea of his own importance; speaking of his decrees as of those of a god." It seems to me that the son has here departed from the editorial attitude of the father in obtruding a dogmatic view of a character. It has been often said that Dr. Furness accepted the Werder theory of Hamlet, but there is not one word in his Preface to the play that warrants such citation; although Dr. Ernest Jones cites the volumes as his authority for such a statement, and Dr. Rolfe dwelt upon the amount of space given the Werder views after having cited Dr. Furness as having accepted them. The point is that here, as in all the other plays, Dr. Furness maintained the editorial attitude that welcomes all views of any merit whatever but adopts no one as a final solution. It was this attitude that, in the last analysis, found sustenance in that sense of humor in which Shakespeare's own unobtrusive ego was so easily and delightfully felt. I do not believe that "Julius Cæsar apparently held a prominent place as an historic character in Shakespeare's regard" any more than I

believe that Antony and Cleopatra held a like place in Shakespeare's regard; and we know that Miss Repplier, a life-long friend of Dr. Furness, never could understand the admiration that Dr. Furness had for the Shakespearean Cleopatra. Perhaps she could not separate the historic character from the wonderful universal woman that, in our poet's "brightest heaven of invention," made his Cleopatra an elder sister of his Juliet.

What the Ghost was to the play of "Hamlet," Julius Cæsar was to the play that bears his name; and what seems to us the "braggart" in Cæsar may be only a result of the theatrical atmosphere created by the poet for the purpose of making the character dominate the play. It was not the historic character that Shakespeare had chiefly in mind, but a play in which he was seeking for dramatic elements. The Ghost in "Hamlet" was not more affectionate and noble than was Shakespeare's Cæsar; and we might go on, if we had space, and show by dramatic incidents and similarity of language that the two plays were written almost in the same mood of mind, the contemporary interests of the London crowd always transcending the poet's interest in the classic history of Roman plebeians. It seems to me that in the notes to the new "Variorum" edition, especially at the close of the book, too much attention is given to the play in its historic bearings and not enough attention to the play as a *Shakespeare* play.

CHARLES MILTON STREET.

St. Joseph, Mo., August 5, 1913.

A BIT OF IMPROMPTU VERSE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

One morning in the year 1868, Benjamin F. Taylor, a well-known writer of the days of the Civil War and thereabouts, who spent much time in or near La Porte, Indiana, paid a call at the home of Judge William Piatt Andrew of that village, under whose roof Mr. Ogden Ross, father of Mrs. Andrew, was fast nearing his ninety-seventh birthday. As Mr. Ross was somewhat indisposed, Mr. Taylor offered to leave a summons at the nearby office of Dr. N. S. Darling, as he should pass down the shady street. Not finding Dr. Darling within, Mr. Taylor took up the pencil which, in those times, hung beside a slate fixed to the jamb of every well-regulated office-door, and wrote the following lines, which were recently given me by the daughter of Mr. Ross, now in her ninety-sixth year:

"I saw a man just up the street
In whom both Age and Childhood meet.
Was born in Seventeen Seventy-One;
Saw that age pass, and this begun.
If three more years he lingers here
They say he'll count his hundredth year.
Like almond blossoms shines his hair,
His brow is furrowed deep with care.
This Man of Ross is sadly ill;
Have you no potion, powder, pill,
To make his heart beat strong again,
And bring new strength to breast and brain?
'What his complaint?' I hear you say;
'The books will clear my doubtful way.'
Nay! nay! Not so,—consult no page,
For his disease is called Old Age!"

Not great poetry, but very fair impromptu verse,—
is it not?

SARA ANDREW SHAFER.

La Porte, Ind., August 9, 1913.

The New Books.

THE MERMAID COMPANY.*

Two of the greatest English poets now living have found in the Mermaid Tavern a rich source of poetical inspiration. What theme, indeed, could be more fruitful than that of the meeting-place of Shakespeare and his fellow-wits in the spacious days when all Englishmen breathed the air of romance, and the world seemed wonderful beyond all past experience in the light of the new learning and the new art and the new adventurous enterprise that burst forth in that flowering of the human spirit which we call the Renaissance. Inexhaustible must have been the poetical inspiration of that glorious time, and the very thought of it still has power to widen man's horizon and set his imagination aglow. Some fifteen years ago Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton published his magnificent lyrical masterpiece, "Christmas at the Mermaid," and this year Mr. Alfred Noyes, in whom the hope of English poetry is now chiefly centred, has given us, in his "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," a work so shining with beauty, and so opulent in poetical power, that it is difficult to find words with which to do it justice. The scheme of this work comprises nine numbers, and in the course of them all the chief manners of verse-composition—lyrical, narrative, and dramatic—find masterly illustration. In the opening pages, we find ourselves in the full tide of the mighty current that is to sweep us through the volume with an exhilarating sense of heightened capabilities and enlarged vision.

"Marchaunt Adventurers, chanting at the windlass,
Early in the morning we slipped from Plymouth Sound,
All for adventure in the great New Regions,
All for Eldorado and to sail the world around!
Sing! The red of sun-rise ripples round the bows again,
Marchaunt Adventurers, O sing, we're outward bound,
All to stuff the sunset in our old black galleon,
All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found,
Marchaunt Adventurers!
Marchaunt Adventurers!
Marchaunt Adventurers, O, whither are ye bound?—
All for Eldorado and the great new Sky-line,
All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found."

This leads up to a ringing ballad, recited by Raleigh, of the last voyage and glorious death of Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

"And dark and dark that night 'gan fall,
And high the muttering breakers swelled,

* TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN. By Alfred Noyes. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Till that strange fire which seamen call
'Castor and Pollux' we beheld,

"An evil sign of peril and death,
Burning pale on the high main-mast;
But calm with the might of Gennesareth
Our Admirall's voice went ringing past,

"Clear thro' the thunders, far and clear,
Mighty to counsel, clear to command,
Joyfully singing, 'We are as near
To heaven, my lads, by sea as by land.'"

In "A Coiner of Angels," the second number of the cycle, the Mermaid wits have great sport in baiting Richard Bame, the zealot whose name history has preserved because of his scurrilous attack upon Marlowe. Bame intrudes upon their revels with his pious snuffle, and is told of a pretended counterfeiting scheme whereby they all hope to make their fortunes. They fool him to the top of his bent, and he eagerly accepts their proposition to take the part of a stool-pigeon in the conspiracy. Number three is the "mad sea-tale" of "Black Bill's Honey-moon," sung to a goodly company by John Davis. But there is even more excellent fooling in the preface, for Francis Bacon has strolled into the tavern and discourses patronizingly on the art of poetry.

"He said to Shakespeare, in a voice that gripped
The Mermaid Tavern like an arctic frost:
'There are no poets in this age of ours
Not to compare with Plautus. They are all
Dead, the men that were famous in old days.'
'Why—so they are,' said Will. The humming stopped.

I saw poor Spenser, a shy gentle soul,
With haunted eyes like starlit forest pools,
Smuggling his cantos under his cloak again.
'There's verse enough, no doubt,' Bacon went on,
'But English is no language for the Muse.
Whom could you call our best? There's Gabriel
Harvey,
And Edward, Earl of Oxford. Then there's Dyer,
And Doctor Golding; while, for tragedy,
Thomas, Lord Buckhurst, hath a lofty vein.
And, in a lighter prettier vein, why, Will,
There is *thyself*! But—where's Euripides?
'Dead,' echoed Ben, in a deep ghost-like voice.
And drip—drip—drip—outside we heard the rain
Miserably dripping round the Mermaid Inn."

Later on, Bacon thus admonishes Shakespeare:

"Will, couldst thou use
Thy talents with discretion, and obey
Classic examples, thou mightst match old Plautus,
In all except priority of the tongue.
This English tongue is only for an age,
But Latin for all time. So I propose
To embalm in Latin my philosophies.
Well-seize your hour! But, ere you die, you'll sail
A British galleon to the golden courts
Of Cleopatra."

'Sail it!' Marlowe roared,
Mimicking in a fit of thundrous glee

The drums and trumpets of his Tamburlaine:
 'And let her buccaneers bestride the sphinx,
 And play at bowls with Pharaoh's pyramids,
 And hale white Egypt with their tarry hands
 Home to the Mermaid!'"

In "The Sign of the Golden Shoe" we find the high-water mark of the poet's creation. This is the scene in which news of the death of Marlowe comes to his friends in the Mermaid Tavern, and his genius is extolled by his friends.

"Ah, then Kit,"

Said Chapman, 'had some prescience of his end,
 Like many another dreamer. What strange hints
 Of things past, present, and to come, there lie
 Sealed in the magic pages of that music
 Which, laying strong hold on universal laws,
 Ranges beyond these mud-walls of the flesh,
 Though dull wits fail to follow. It was this
 That made men find an oracle in the books
 Of Virgil, and an everlasting fount
 Of science in the prophets."

It is Nash who tells the tragic story of Marlowe's death in the arms of a wanton.

"What if his blood were hot? High over all
 He heard, as in his song the world still hears,
 Those angels on the burning heavenly wall

"Who chant the thunder-music of the spheres.
 Yet, through the glory of his own young dream
 Here did he meet that face, wet with strange tears,

"Andromeda, with piteous face astream,
 Hailing him, Perseus. In her treacherous eyes
 And in dark pools the mirrored stars will gleam.

"Here did he see his own eternal skies;
 And here—she laughed, nor found the dream amiss;
 She bade him pluck and eat—in Paradise.

"Here did she hold him, broken up with bliss,
 Here, like a supple snake, around him coiled,
 Here did she pluck his heart out with a kiss,

"Here were the wings clipped and the glory soiled,
 Here adders coupled in the pure white shrine,
 Here was the Wine spilt, and the Shew-bread
 spoiled."

From Nash's elegy, which closes the superb poem, we take these stanzas:

"The wine that God had set apart,
 The noblest wine of all,
 Wine of the grapes that angels trod,
 The vintage of the glory of God,
 The crimson wine of that rich heart,
 Spilt in a drunken brawl,

"Poured out to make a steaming bath
 That night in the Devil's Inn,
 A steaming bath of living wine
 Poured out for Circe and her swine,
 A bath of blood for a harlot
 To supple and sleek her skin.

"But he who dared the thunder-roll,
 Whose eagle-wings could soar,

Buffeting down the clouds of night,
 To beat against the Light of Light,
 That great God-blinded eagle-soul,
 We shall not see him more."

The fine and passionate intelligence with which Mr. Noyes has discerned and vitalized the very essence of Marlowe's genius makes this tribute worthy to be linked with "In the Bay," and we can imagine Swinburne smiling from the gold bar of heaven upon the kindred soul who henceforth must be reckoned with him as the poet's panegyrist.

Passing over "The Companion of a Mile," we come to "Big Ben," which tells of the excitement at the Mermaid when Jonson lies in Newgate prison, and of the men's boisterous reception of their comrade when he reappears after his enlargement, accomplished through the efforts of Selden and Camden, playing upon the King's prejudice against tobacco. A few apt quotations from Ben did the business with His Majesty.

"Ah," said the shrewd King, goggling his great eyes
 Cannily, 'did he not defame the Scots?'

'That's true,' said Camden, like a man that hears
 Truth for the first time. 'O ay, he defam'd 'em'
 The King said, very wisely, once again.

'Ah, but,' says Camden, like a man that strives
 With more than mortal wit, 'only such Scots
 As flout your majesty, and take tobacco.
 He is a Scot, himself, and hath the gift
 Of preaching.' Then we gave him Jonson's lines
 Against Virginia, 'Neither do thou lust
 After that tawny weed; for who can tell
 Before the gathering and the making up
 What alligarta may have spawned thereon,
 Or words to that effect.

'Magneificent!'

Spluttered the King—'who knows? Who knows,
 indeed?

That's a grand touch, that Alligarta, Camden!'

'The Scot who wrote those great and splendid words,'
 Said Camden, 'languishes in Newgate, Sire;
 His ears and nose—'

In "The Burial of a Queen," the sexton, Timothy Scarlet, tells a weird tale of the interment of Mary Stuart in the vault at Peterborough, of how the Queen was buried secretly at night—the official funeral of the next day being a farce with an empty coffin—and of how that night the ghost of Chastelard forced its way into the vault and mourned the beloved of his youth. Interspersed in this narrative are some of the loveliest lyrics that Mr. Noyes has ever penned.

"Ah, stained and ever stainless,
 Ah, white as her own hand,
 White as the wonder of that brow,
 Crowned with colder lilies now,
 White on the velvet darkness,
 The lilies of her land!

"The witch from over the water,
The fay from over the foam,
The bride that rode thro' Edinbro' town
With satin shoes and a silken gown,
A queen, and a great king's daughter —
Thus they carried her home,

"With torches and with scutcheons,
Unhonoured and unseen,
With the lilies of France in the wind a-stir,
And the Lion of Scotland over her,
Darkly, in the dead of night,
They carried the Queen, the Queen."

One of the actors in this scene is Ford, who

"Fell short of that celestial height
Whereto the greatest only climb, who stand
By Shakespeare, and accept the Eternal Law."

The entire passage is too long to quote, but it constitutes a magnificently penetrating characterization of the author of "The Broken Heart."

Passing by "Flos Mercatorum," which tells the story which Bow Bells chime, which is the story of Dick Whittington and the cat that brought him riches and the love of the fair Alice, and made him the patron saint of the London mart, we come to "Raleigh," the last poem of the cycle. Fleeing for refuge to the Mermaid, Raleigh, escaped from the Tower, finds Jonson, and pours forth his soul to him — then goes forth to the black treachery that gave him up to death. The end of the history is told by his widow, shamefully entreated by Stukeley the betrayer, when the scoundrel visits her one night. The pathetic figure of Jonson, gray and solitary, remains with us at the close, a golden threnody swelling from his heart.

"Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!
Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;
Robin is dead, and Marlowe in his grave.
Why should I stay to chant an idle stave,
And in my Mermaid Tavern drink alone?
For Kit is dead and Greene is in his grave,
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone.

"Where is the singer of the Faërie Queen?
Where are the lyric lips of Astrophel?
Long, long ago, their quiet graves were green;
Ay, and the grave, too, of their Faërie Queen!
And yet their faces, hovering here unseen,
Call me to taste their new-found ænœmel;
To sup with him who sang the Faërie Queen;
To drink with him whose name was Astrophel.

"I drink to the great Inn beyond the grave!
— If there be none, the gods have done us wrong. —
Ere long I hope to chant a better stave,
In some great Mermaid Inn beyond the grave;
And quaff the best of earth that heaven can save,
Red wine like blood, deep love of friends and song,
I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave,
And hope to greet my golden lads ere long."

It was Virgil who plucked out the infinite sadness that lies at the heart of all such scenes as this when he wrote the immortal line,

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Mr. Noyes has not failed in his epilogue; he has found just the right note upon which to end his cycle of song.

We have let this great work speak for itself, as far as the limitations of space would permit, and no commentary can do much to heighten the sense of its power and beauty, of its rich and varied life, of its crowded action and poetic fire. Comparisons are idle; those that chiefly suggest themselves are with Browning and Swinburne and Mr. Kipling. Mr. Noyes has the dramatic vitality of Browning, the lyrical rapture of Swinburne, and the poetic energy of Mr. Kipling. We do not find in him the perfect finish of Tennysonian art, and Tennyson is perhaps the only one of the great Victorians whom his performance does not challenge. Certainly, we have no other poet now living whose work can measure up to these "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," and no age of English poetry is so rich that it might not be proud to reckon this work among its greater glories.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

DIVERGENT OPINIONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.*

The faults, the foibles, and the petty failings of the American people form the main theme of Mr. Arthur J. Johnson's "California: An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State." The author's special *bête noire* is the "native son" of the Golden West, whose portrait is drawn in strong colors and with sharp contrasts. But the perspective of our would-be literary cubist is sadly amiss. His fault-finding eye is evidently much too close to a few annoying individuals to make it possible for him to sketch in true proportions the real Californian, native born or adopted. Neither do his experiences of Western life, as portrayed in his work, lend any weight of authority to his jeremiads. It is not, however, merely the people whom he met who seem to him to deserve execration, but the land as well. Its fruits have no flavor, its flowers no odor, its birds (if there be any) no song. It

*CALIFORNIA. An Englishman's Impressions of the Golden State. By Arthur T. Johnson. With illustrations by E. Nora Meek. New York: Duffield & Co.

UNDER THE SKY IN CALIFORNIA. By Charles Francis Saunders. Illustrated from photographs mainly by C. F. and E. H. Saunders. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

is too cold and too hot, too sunny and too foggy; it is either too windy or there is not wind enough to blow away the mosquitoes. There is no game, and "game hogs" abound. So runs the record of "one of the happiest years I have ever spent"!

Doubtless all of these and the author's many other doleful observations may be abundantly verified in numerous specific instances by anyone attuned to the disagreeable elements of life, and keenly sensitive to the raw and crude ways of the frontier in a land of strong contrasts. But the picture is incomplete, and the colors are all from the wrong end of the spectrum. Of the real Californians who are subduing the desert, who brought water through mountain ranges and across the sands to Los Angeles, who rebuilt San Francisco after earthquake and fire, and who are slowly but surely throttling the vicious elements in their midst and banishing the saloon and road-house (whose infrequency our peripatetic writer so bemoans), Mr. Johnson knows nothing. His evaluation of nature is more generous, but equally erratic and insignificant. Little wonder that he opens his description of Mt. Shasta, the Fujiyama of California, with a fulsome discussion of the spittoons of the thirteen saloons of Sisson! Such a book as this serves no useful purpose, except possibly as a counter-irritant to the freely distributed, generally more trustworthy, though more optimistic and, it may be, fulsome, printed matter of exploitation.

An introduction to out-of-door California, written by one who, evidently in search of health, has found pleasure, comfort, and enjoyment in the mountains and deserts, and who has followed with zest the dusty roads and winding trails, is Mr. C. F. Saunders's "Under the Sky in California." The book professes "to give nothing more than a hint of the joy and interest that attend travel by unbeaten ways in California, of leisurely residence in the tourist belt. The State is still so young among American commonwealths, and her wide territories are still so little settled, that the lineaments of that virgin landscape which so delighted the pioneers, are yet far from obliterated. One may still camp on Frémont's trail in surroundings practically unchanged from those which the great Pathfinder himself described sixty-odd years ago; may stumble over perhaps the selfsame stones that Pio Pico's horses kicked on the Spanish highroads that lead across the passes down to the desert and Old Mexico; may tread in the very footsteps of the Mission Fathers from San Diego to San Francisco Bay; may look out from some peak of the Sierra's crest upon forests as yet unscarred by the lumberman and upon sage brush plains where the red Indian still dwells and sets up his thatched wickiup.

"It is this nearness to the fresh morning of romance that gives a special zest to life under the sky in California, while one's physical frame is ever grateful for the ease with which one may come from such ventures into the wild, back to the comforts of a civilized life, there to talk it all over with one's friends, to rest and repair and — to go again."

It is not the California of the tourist who follows the beaten trail from one hotel to the next that is here revealed, but rather that discovered by two nature lovers of limited physical strength but with an aptitude for exploring and courage to try the unknown in desert and mountain wilderness. Its scenes are laid mainly in Southern California, but they might be enacted with equal pleasure in the central valleys and the foothills and forests of the Sierras and Coast Ranges to the north; for the same favorable climatic factors, with some differences as to temperatures and seasons, prevail throughout the length of California.

One section of Mr. Saunders's book is devoted to the desert when it blooms in the spring, another to camping in the Yosemite and a unique account of the "candle lighting" among the Diegan Indians at Mesa Grande on All Souls' Night. Whatever advantages in speed, avoidance of your own dust, and indescribable sense of superiority may attend the tourist who sees California from the automobile, there still remain some otherwise unattainable pleasures attached to the more plebeian carriage or camping wagon. The wayside trees and flowers, one's fellow-wayfarers afoot and astride, and the more leisurely appreciation of the local color reward the leisurely travellers. Spring days in a carriage between Los Angeles and San Diego, with visits to the Missions at Capistrano and San Luis Rey, and to the home of Ramona, seem more attractive than fleeting visions from the speeding motor.

Many practical suggestions for travellers who desire with comfort and safety to see something of California's wilder side will be found in this book, as well as readable accounts of ways and means of camp cooking, of bungalow life, and of making a living in the land of sunshine. The volume will be a helpful one to many inquirers, and a guide and inspiration for a wider appreciation and enjoyment of nature in California.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

ONE of the most interesting fiction announcements of the autumn season is that of a new long novel by Mr. William De Morgan, said to be in his "Joseph Vance" vein. Messrs. Holt will publish the book in October.

NATURAL THEOLOGY WITHOUT THEISTIC IMPLICATIONS.*

In the days of my academic and intellectually irresponsible youth, a favorite diversion in the metaphysical way was to speculate about the consequences of turning the orthodox Darwinian evolution formula end for end. According to this formula, progressive evolution of living things has been accomplished by the continued natural selection of the individuals best adapted to the environment in which they found themselves. The fact that living things are to a high degree adapted to the circumstances in which they live is evident. The classic simile of biological literature is to the effect that the organism is adapted to the environment as the key is to the lock. But what if one looks at the whole matter the other way about? Is there not quite as much justification, so far as the objective facts of nature are concerned, for one to say that the environment is adapted to the organism, as there is for him to make the converse proposition? It is as necessary for the lock to fit the key as for the key to fit the lock. But while natural selection is, formally at least, a most efficient craftsman in shaping the living key to the environmental lock, it is by no means so clear that it could have effected the nice adjustment of the lock itself. In fact the principle of natural selection, in any form as yet conceived, or any other mechanistic hypothesis, utterly fails before such a colossal explanatory task. Which consideration completes the creation of a very choice and baffling metaphysical morsel for the delectation of one's fellow graduate students.

It is by no means to be supposed that so splendid an argument *ad majorem gloriam Dei* as that outlined would have been overlooked by the exponents of natural theology. It was not. Whewell and Prout, in their Bridgewater Treatises, loaded some of their heaviest artillery with precisely this brand of philosophical powder. Since the Bridgewater Treatises are no longer classified by the librarians as "popular" fiction, it is perhaps worth a little space to show how Prout, for example, used the argument in his "Chemistry Meteorology and the Function of Digestion Considered with Reference to Natural Theology." He says:

"For instance, the hydrogen in water, and the chlorine and sodium in common salt, not being, in their simple state, required in the economy of nature; the properties

*THE FITNESS OF THE ENVIRONMENT. An Inquiry into the Biological Significance of the Properties of Matter. By Lawrence J. Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of these elements have not been made compatible with organic existence; and the whole attention (if such a term may be applied to the operations of the Deity), has been directed to the properties of the compounds, water, and salt. Thus, on the one hand, where required, we have the most striking adaptation of property; while on the other, where *not* required, this adaptation of property has *not* been attended to: nor is this true of water and salt only, but of almost every other compound in nature. Nay, what is more, the incongruities of the whole system have, with the most consummate skill, been thrown, as it were, among those properties *not* required. Hence, the arrangements of nature viewed in this light, not only exhibit novel evidences, but some of the most striking evidences of design, which we possess."

In the three-quarters of a century and more which has passed since the day of the Earl of Bridgewater's piously intended bequest there has been no systematic attempt at an examination of the specific fitness of the basic elements of the environment for the requirements of organic life. To this problem Dr. Lawrence J. Henderson has devoted a number of years of thought and research, with results now set forth in a volume entitled "The Fitness of the Environment." The result is in many ways a remarkable one. It is conclusively shown that for living things constituted as are the only living things we know about, it would be impossible, with the physical agencies and chemical compounds now known, to construct an environment in fundamental respects better adapted to the needs of organisms than is the environment which exists on this earth.

For the sake of clearness of thinking and to keep the whole inquiry within reasonable bounds, the author makes certain initial limitations of the problem. A keen analysis reduces the most fundamental and essential characteristics of life to three,—namely, complexity, regulation, and metabolism. The most essential features of the environment which is to be capable of supporting mechanisms with these three characteristics are the presence of water and carbonic acid.

"Obviously it is in the physical and chemical attributes of these two compounds and their constituent elements that we find very many of the conditions which make life possible upon the earth. They are material, provided and mobilized automatically, out of which living things undoubtedly can be formed. Moreover, if we limit our study to the physico-chemical properties of water and carbonic acid, and to the compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, we shall greatly simplify our problem."

The bulk of the volume is taken up with a thorough examination of the known physico-chemical properties of water, carbonic acid, and organic compounds. An immense mass of data is critically digested. The physical and chemical properties taken into consideration include

nearly all those known to be of biological importance, or which appear to be related to complexity, regulation, and metabolism. The collection and treatment of this evidence can only be regarded as a masterly contribution to scientific synthesis. It firmly establishes the following conclusions:

"There are no other compounds which share more than a small part of the qualities of fitness of water and carbonic acid; no other elements which share those of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. None of the characteristics of these substances is known to be unfit, or seriously inferior to the same characteristic in any other substance. Therefore the fitness of the environment is both real and unique."

The author goes on to say:

"In drawing this final conclusion I mean to assert the following propositions:—

"I. The fitness of the environment is one part of a reciprocal relationship of which the fitness of the organism is the other. This relationship is completely and perfectly reciprocal; the one fitness is not less important than the other, nor less invariably a constituent of a particular case of biological fitness; it is not less frequently evident in the characteristics of water, carbonic acid, and the compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen than is fitness from adaptation in the characteristics of the organism.

"II. The fitness of the environment results from characteristics which constitute a series of maxima unique or nearly unique properties of water, carbonic acid, the compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen and the ocean—so numerous, so varied, so nearly complete among all things which are concerned in the problem that together they form certainly the greatest possible fitness. No other environment consisting of primary constituents made up of other known elements, or lacking water and carbonic acid, could possess a like number of fit characteristics or such highly fit characteristics, or in any manner such great fitness to promote complexity, durability, and active metabolism in the organic mechanism which we call life."

At this point the book as a contribution to natural science comes to an end. A final chapter is devoted to a consideration of the philosophical consequences of the scientific demonstration of the earlier pages. While this is very well done, it seems to the reviewer, at least, to fall short, in compelling logical force, of the purely scientific part of the work. Dr. Henderson shows clearly enough that existing science is totally incapable of giving any satisfactory mechanistic explanation of the mutual fitness of the environment and the organism. He considers it well in the present state of knowledge, however, not to affirm finally the impossibility of such an explanation. In the meantime he suggests a devitalized teleology in the form of a purposive "tendency working steadily through the whole process of evolution," as at least conceivable, "however small its

bearing upon science, provided, like time itself, it be a perfectly independent variable, making up, therefore, with time the constant environment, so to speak, of the evolutionary process." This "tendency" is not something which can be weighed or measured, but is an original property of matter and energy, "assuredly not by chance, which organizes the universe in space and time."

Lack of space forbids further discussion of a brilliantly written and altogether notable book. "The Fitness of the Environment," in respect of the chapters before the last, is a logical sequel to the "Origin of Species." As an intellectual achievement, it invites and creditably sustains comparison with that milestone marking the progress of human knowledge.

RAYMOND PEARL.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S WORKS.*

Late in 1572 Hubert Languet, then fifty-four, and Sir Philip Sidney, then almost eighteen, met at Frankfort; and from 1573 to 1580, with several interruptions, exchanged Latin letters about matters personal and contemporary. There is much amenity in the relation—partly that of friend to friend, partly that of pupil to teacher—between the English youth and the aging French humanist and diplomat; much international comity; much learned and laborious fooling. And across the pages of their correspondence move, not vividly, but like shadows, many great names and events: the St. Bartholomew and the Battle of Lepanto; Drake's and Frobisher's voyages; Queen Elizabeth ("to us a Meleager's brand: when it perishes, farewell to all our quietness"); Don John of Austria, the Prince of Orange, and the Elector of Saxony; the Polish Succession and the "French Marriage"; Requesens, the younger Egmont, and the Duke of Parma; Tintoretto and Paul Veronese; De Thou, Du Plessis-Mornay, Sturm; Baron Slavata, who borrowed money of Sidney, and was reserved by fate to be "defenestrated" at Prague forty-two years later and still to survive; the Grand Turk, his Janizaries, and the Muscovite; marchings and countermarchings

*THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PHILIP SIDNEY AND HUBERT LANGUET. Edited by William Aspenwall Bradley. "The Humanist's Library." Boston: The Merrymount Press.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited by Albert Feuillerat. Volume I. The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia. "Cambridge English Classics." Cambridge: At the University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

across the face of Europe; alarms and excursions; "and what the Swede intend, and what the French."

Not among the great correspondences of literature, these letters are nevertheless full of interest when placed in their historical setting. Just here appears a defect of Mr. Bradley's admirable edition. Reprinting, as it does, the text of Steuart A. Pears's translation (London: Pickering, 1845), it might well have reprinted also Pears's historical notes. These, which add greatly to the value of his version, might have been placed at the end of the present volume, so as not to spoil the page. Mr. Bradley's Introduction does not wholly supply their place. In all that relates to text and typography, however, the present edition compares favorably with the old. The editor has numbered the letters, and has in many places quietly improved Pears's punctuation, spelling, grammar, and sentence-structure. The type-page, though somewhat attenuated, and though its rubrication will not appeal to all, is open and clear, and scarcely inferior to that of *Aldi discipulus anglus*.

The last of Sidney's letters is dated 1578; those he wrote between that year and 1580 are lost. It happens that during these years, in all probability, he composed the "Arcadia," which circulated actively in MS. until 1590, when the first edition (quarto) was printed. This first edition it is that M. Feuillerat has chosen to reprint; and, he says (Prefatory Note), his "choice has proved simple enough." So it would appear; and yet there are reasons why a different choice would have been preferable. These reasons are bound up so closely with the evolution of the several versions of the "Arcadia," that their full force can be understood only by the reader who will take the pains to inform himself fully about this evolution*; still, they can be indicated briefly here.

There are now extant three distinct versions of the "Arcadia." The first is what Sidney wrote originally, during or before 1580 — a finished story in five books. This original or "Old Arcadia" has never been printed entire. The second version is an incomplete revision of the "Old Arcadia," carried rather less than halfway to the end. It was printed in 1590 (quarto), and is now textually corrected and reprinted by M. Feuillerat. The third version, printed 1593, is composed of the revised ver-

sion as far as that goes, together with Books III., IV., and V. of the "Old Arcadia," so joined to the revised version as to piece out the story, though not without a gap between.

1. The original or "Old Arcadia," as written during or before 1580, was permitted by Sidney to remain in active circulation in MS. for five years, more or less, until his death in 1586. It was not at any time withdrawn or suppressed; nor was it even superseded by the incomplete revision printed in 1590 and now reprinted; for this version covers only a part of the story which the "Old Arcadia" told entire. So the "Old Arcadia" remains an integral part of Sidney's works, and as such demands a place in any edition that professes to be complete.

2. In intrinsic literary merit, the "Old Arcadia" holds its own with the unfinished revision. It is a complete romance, in five books, with beginning, middle, and end, quite simple in structure, and agreeable to read. The quarto of 1590 now reprinted is a partial recension, or rather an unfinished attempt at an entirely new version, of the "Old Arcadia," which Sidney was able to carry only to a point somewhere in the third book. It thus lacks both middle and end; moreover, it is interrupted by many distracting episodes, is excessively inverted and complex in structure, and can hardly be read without considerable difficulty.

3. The Quarto of 1590 is already accessible in photographic facsimile (ed. H. Oskar Sommer, London, 1891), not to mention the numerous old editions still current, and a recent edition by E. A. Baker (London, 1907), all of which embody the text of the quarto substantially, as part of the composite version (see below). The "Old Arcadia" exists in MSS. — no less than five — of which three are in England and two in the United States. It could scarcely have been difficult for a scholar of M. Feuillerat's standing to get permission to make a text by the collation of the best of these MSS. It does not appear that he has tried.

4. In 1593 appeared the third or composite version above mentioned, consisting of the revised portion already printed in 1590, and the last three books of the "Old Arcadia," together with such minor changes in the text, and such transitions, as were needed to link the two versions together. The 1593 edition has often been reprinted, and is the current form of the romance. Now M. Feuillerat promises

*See Bertram Dobell, "New Light on Sidney's Arcadia," "Quarterly Review," July, 1909, pp. 74-100; and my "Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction," New York, 1912, pp. 344-353.

to print in his next volume "that part of the original *Arcadia* [viz. Books III., IV., and V.] which was added in 1593. Thus, the incongruity of blending two incompatible forms has been avoided without omitting what is, after all, an interesting part of Sir Philip Sidney's works." This argument would require, even more insistently, the reprinting of Books I. and II. of the "Old *Arcadia*," together with Books III., IV., and V.,—that is, the reprinting of the "Old *Arcadia*" entire.

5. There are in Elizabethan literature many allusions to the "Old *Arcadia*," and several direct borrowings from it. All these will remain unintelligible to the vast majority of readers and scholars until the "Old *Arcadia*" as a whole is accessible in print. Furthermore, the differences in structure between the Old and the revised "*Arcadia*" are important in the evolution of the English novel. The chief structural qualities of the revised version that are not possessed by the "Old *Arcadia*" are amplitude, complexity, and chronological inversion. Now the revised "*Arcadia*," handed on in the composite version of 1593, is the only piece of Elizabethan fiction whose influence survives into the eighteenth century; it presides at the birth of the novel; and may well have endowed the novel with precisely these structural qualities. Apart, therefore, from our intrinsic interest in having before us for comparison an earlier and a later version of the "*Arcadia*," the reprinting of the first version is thus required by the claims of literary history.

What the present editor ought to have done was to print in his first volume the "Old *Arcadia*," from the MSS.; to print, in his second volume, the revised version of 1590; and to add thereto, by way of textual variants, the changes and the transitions made by the composite edition of 1593. It is to be hoped that before the issue of his next volume he may see his way clear to putting into it the material which for so many reasons ought to have gone into his first.

SAMUEL LEE WOLFF.

FROM a literary point of view, at least, the "book of the season" this year will undoubtedly be the two-volume collection of Charles Eliot Norton's Letters, which Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish. The selections from this correspondence already printed in "Scribner's Magazine" have given some indication of the wealth that awaits us in the complete work. The same publishers also announce "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody," edited by Mr. Daniel G. Mason, which also promises a feast of good things.

HOPES AND PROPHESES FOR AMERICAN LIFE.*

No better augury for the slow and peaceful development of humankind, especially in this country, can well be imagined than the armful of books, representing every shade of political opinion, which here indicates the tendencies of the time. There is a spokesman in this group for every class in our wide national community; and all express themselves with a certain dispassion, fervent though some of the statements may be, which is of the essence of a self-governing and progressive people.

It may be worth while to speak here, since none of the books themselves touch upon this phase of our political history, of the high idealism which has characterized all our national partisan utterances, based as American ideas must be upon the Declaration of Independence and its self-evident truths. So based, no party has identified itself with a single economic class without inviting its own destruction, and has only been able to do so covertly and in antagonism to its professed principles. All are national, in the sense of making a nation-wide appeal to men in every situation in life; none is merely economic, with the exception of the Socialistic Party, which has not yet been fairly tested by success. Nor, with this exception, has every party failed to include within its ranks men of every shade of economic opinion—there is no party of employers, or of employees, none of clerks and another of laborers, but in each and all a fusion which has permitted the discussion of nearly all economic questions freed from the acrimony of partisanship. The harm that can be done by the identification of economic and partisan interests is fully exemplified in the tariff, which from the beginning has been a prolific cause of ruin to every party that has used it for merely partisan purposes.

Every one of these books reflects this national attitude. In each case the author shows himself possessed of a wider outlook upon national affairs than any thorough-going partisan is likely to obtain. Whatever his prepossessions, his statements are those of the judge speaking after due weighing of the evidence, rather than of the advocate seeking a favorable decision. Perhaps this shows most clearly in Mr. Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Politics," the work of a socialistic leader and writer who is, nevertheless, more interested in providing an ideal which all may work toward than a creed which must be

* A PREFACE TO POLITICS. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

WORK AND LIFE. A Study of the Social Problems of To-Day. By Ira Woods Howerth, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

THE NEW MORALITY. An Interpretation of Present Social and Economic Forces and Tendencies. By Edward Isaacson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

OUR WORLD. The New World-Life. By Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

CROWDS. A Moving Picture of Democracy. By Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

professed as an essential of salvation. He is fully aware that the present period is revolutionary; and he is equally satisfied that it is readily responsive to idealism. What he seeks is to present a vision, something higher and nobler than the evils he sees about us clamoring for remedy; and his text is, "A God wilt thou create for thyself out of thy seven devils." More than most, Mr. Lippmann disbelieves in the old puritan attitude that the world finds betterment through the turning of personal sins into statutory crimes—a point of view particularly welcome now that the injection of large masses of women-voters into our body politic has given unnecessary encouragement to the opposing party. He is for construction, for positive incentives to right conduct, for the conversion of the energies which are turned toward destruction into forces which make for righteousness, and his remarks upon the tabu of merely prohibitive legislation are as sound as they are shrewd.

Dr. Howerth, who holds the chair of sociology in the University of California, has made a suggestive and readable book from a series of public addresses delivered at various times and places during recent years. Its first value, perhaps, lies in the fact that it is the work of a university professor who is far more interested in seeing the world bettered than in having it maintained as it is. Dr. Howerth, neither plutocrat nor socialist, holds no brief for anything except the ideals which his reading and experience have shown him to be practical; and he is at one with Mr. Lippmann in seeking to moralize existing forces, many of which are anti-social through self-seeking. He particularizes in regard to these, leading the reader through discussions of the social problem and the various solutions proposed for it, including the existing competitive system, on to the individual problem of getting a living, the problem of our cities, and the effect of education upon labor, until he reaches a statement of the social ideal, with considerations of a wider patriotism and a broader religious outlook. Realizing, as more ardent partisans do not, that progress is along the diagonal of the opposing forces of individualism and collectivism, he finds both the line of least resistance and of the highest human efficiency in voluntary coöperation, which is also the goal of both the philosophic anarchist and the militant socialist. The nation has suffered in the past from lack of radical sentiment among its college youth, most of whom are graduated with the conservative views of elderly bank presidents; and such open-mindedness as this book proclaims should make a welcome addition to every curriculum—certainly in every institution of learning which is concerned as much with things-as-they-might-be as with things-as-they-are. A single sentence from the book, properly understood, states the whole matter: "We must not lose sight of the fact that the object of Capital is profits; the object of Labor is life."

"The New Morality" of Mr. Isaacson wanders far from the beaten track in offering as a solution

for most of our existing evils a definite remedy, neither individualistic nor socialistic, but utopian—however much the author disclaims the utopian intention. He would separate civilized mankind into two sharply defined classes. One, to which reproduction of the species shall be solely confided, is to be a yeoman body, bringing forth not only the children of mankind but its food products in their raw state. Experience teaches, the writer urges, that it is among favorable yeoman conditions that the healthiest children are born and reared, and he regards it as a waste of human effort that any but those best fitted for it should bear children at all, seeing no possibility of meeting the Malthusian objections and complying with the demands of evolutionary eugenics without such a delimitation of effort. The rest of the race will be self-condemned to sterility, and will engage in part in the cruder forms of agriculture, but chiefly in commerce and manufacturing, mining and transportation. These will be city-dwellers for the most part; and it did not need the author's eloquence to demonstrate the advantages of a city in which no children are permitted to enter except as visitors, and then only occasionally and under restrictions. Mr. Isaacson meets the woman problem and solves it in a manner which will probably satisfy others more than the women, his prime concern being the elimination of a leisure class among them, including the childless woman, whether married or unmarried, who has commerce with men; making, however, full allowance for the declared and self-sustaining spinster. So stated, it will be seen that some primary instincts of mankind will have to be widely diverted from their present status, and the impossibility of doing so fundamental a task with any thoroughness constitutes the manifest objection to his plan. But it would be most unfair to end with such a statement; the book is thoughtful and well-considered, well worked out, even to the diagrams which support the author's position, and provocative of thought through the very novelty of its point of view.

The Rev. Dr. Strong's "Our World" is a broadening of a previous work, "Our Country," and is itself to be followed by another work still broader in its scope. It is, of all the books here under consideration, the only one with what may be termed an orthodox bias; its author believes that the Christian religion as professed by the evangelical churches contains the solution of the difficulties of the world, individual and social. Existing troubles are referred to this touchstone, with the result that, as the most radical reformers are aware, nothing can bear such possibilities for thorough-going change as the practice of the precepts of Jesus. The book is no mere tract, however, but an honest and manly reckoning with the world as it is, with all the possibilities that science is opening out to humanity. It states in terms with which few will disagree a new world-tendency, a new world-industry, a new world-peace, and a new world-ideal. It follows these with an acute and sympathetic discussion of the new world-

problems in industry, wealth, race, the individual and society, lawlessness and legislation, and the new problem of the city. In regard to this last, Dr. Strong takes an unusual position in holding that all attempts to return men to the land are worse than futile, that the cities are here and have grown at the expense of the country everywhere and will so continue to grow, and that we might better face the fact than attempt to delude ourselves with a contrary belief. He does not in the least take into account the enormous artificial stimulus given city growth through railway abuses and tariff pabulum in recent years, and that these causes for the relative loss of rural population are already in the way of being remedied; nor does he consider the waste which permits good immigrant farmers to become poor city operatives through lack of intelligent direction, which is also remediable wholly or partially. But by way of compensation for this he plainly tells us that "the problem of the city is nothing less than the problem of civilization, the problem of building in the earth the New Jerusalem." Here he is in agreement with the best thought of the age. How this problem is to be solved is reserved for consideration in another volume.

"Crowds," Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's latest book of practical idealism, is the most striking volume of our group. It is much more strikingly written, and both arrests and holds the attention better. And its method is so simple that it is difficult to disagree with it, no matter where it leads. Briefly stated, Mr. Lee delights in showing us just how far the most open-minded and generous-souled men among us have actually (not theoretically) gone toward solving the problems of every-day living, following this by the suggestion that we move up beside them and enjoy the feeling of actual, veritable, demonstrable progress. It is difficult to deny the charm of such an invitation, nor can there be any desire to deny it. We are not dealing with dreamers except those that have made their dreams come true, and the temptation is necessarily strong to go to work to prove that our dreams are just as good as those of these other men. Where others hold that mankind is moving in a circle, and that it is impossible to strike a tangent until this, that, or the other has been done, Mr. Lee points out that this, that, and the other has been done and is doing, and persuades us into the procession. He believes in saying "Do!" and not "Don't!" He points out that nearly all our evils come from lack of vision, and he musters the visions that have become realities to prove his case. He seems to look upon ignorance of existing facts as the prime cause of lack of advance and retrogression — which is obvious enough; but he demonstrates that ignorance is curable by showing how much has been cured already by those who have knowledge. In one aspect the book is a catalogue of the exhilarations of civilization as it is, and its perusal leaves the reader almost as much exhilarated with practicalities as the writer was when he wrote it or as other reformers are by visions unrealized.

More than any other writer whose books are read, Mr. Lee seems to be absolutely convinced that democracy is never a process of levelling down but of raising up, and he has the faith of a Jefferson in human perfectibility. As the cover of the volume proclaims, it is "a book for the individual," but for the individual as the one essential component of all "Crowds." It is cordially recommended to every reader who is interested in the world's getting forward, chiefly as a further incentive for him to "go forwarder."

When it is recalled that this group of varied and various works are written by Americans for Americans, that they are the appeals of men of vision to the nation which had the highest vision possible to humanity granted it at the moment of its birth, that not one of them betrays a sign of self-seeking or personal exploitation or desire to profit by the mistakes of mankind except for mankind's future betterment, that they represent the work of men of families long in the country and of families entering the country only yesterday, that they are free from almost every bewildering bias and misconception that has clouded the eyes of earlier generations, and that their single and universal message is of material betterment solely as a means for spiritual enlightenment, the faintest-hearted among us should take courage for the long fight and go forth newly armed and armored to gain the victory.

WALLACE RICE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Prehistoric lake-dwellings in Europe. Dr. Robert Munro's bulky volume, "Palaeolithic Man and Terramara Settlements in Europe" (Macmillan), constituting the latest contribution of an indefatigable worker to his favorite field, is composed of the Munro Lectures in Anthropology and Prehistoric Archaeology, delivered during February and March, 1912, in connection with the University of Edinburgh. They form the first course given after the foundation of the Lectureship, which appears to be permanently endowed. It is now more than thirty years since Dr. Munro published his first great work, "Ancient Scottish Lake-dwellings or Crannogs." At rather regular intervals since then, he has made other and various important contributions to archaeological science. Only the special student realizes what significant advances have recently been made in this field of study. Within ten years, one may say that the known number of skulls and other skeletal remains of ancient man has been doubled, and the more recent finds have been of unquestionable authenticity and extraordinary interest; so of relics of ancient culture, — no more startling and illuminating discoveries have ever been made than those of the past fifteen years. So rapidly have discoveries crowded upon one another that even the specialist keeps pace with them only by diligence and with difficulty. The ordinary reader has had no means of knowing of this wealth of new material

save through the misleading cursory references in occasional sensational newspapers. Dr. Munro has then done a very real service in his new book. Upon the two special and quite separate topics which he has chosen to discuss, he gives us the latest discoveries, facts, and theories. Thus, in regard to paleolithic man, he briefly describes and states the facts concerning all those recently discovered remains which have caused such a stir in the world of science; to give completeness, he of course restates the facts regarding the earlier finds — the Neanderthal skull, the Spy remains, the Naulette jawbone — but his special service is in informing us of the Mousterien finds so lately made by Otto Hauser, the remarkable skeleton of Chapelle-aux-Saints, and wonderful jawbone from Mauer; he summarizes all the older information regarding the scratched designs on bone and horn from Magdalenien caves, but he also presents to us the even more interesting ivory and bone sculptures which Piette found in cave deposits of yet older age. He presents an admirable summary of the astonishing incised and painted representations of animals upon the walls of Pyrenean caverns, and the remarkable frieze of sculptured horses and other animals in the rock-shelter of Cap-Blanc. In a fine chapter upon the so-called *hiatus* between Paleolithic and Neolithic cultures of Europe, he brings together a mass of interesting and recent evidence to prove that there is no actual gap. The second part of the work deals with Italian terrameres and related structures in other countries. Dr. Munro's specialty has been lake-dwellings, terrameres, crannogs, and kindred forms. In connection with this part of his book he presents a bibliography of Italian literature upon the subject, extending from 1822 to 1911 and including 212 items. The Italian terrameres have been a considerable problem; they were somewhat like the lake-dwelling villages of Switzerland, but their pile-supported huts were over low-lands or swamps and not over open lakes, and they were surrounded by an artificial moat and dike. Dr. Munro sketches the history of study of the terrameres, describes them, investigates their purpose and the culture which they represent, and works out their relation to lake-dwellings — all this in Italy; he then traces the occurrence of similar or analogous constructions elsewhere, and deals with the question of origins. One readily sees that the book is at once interesting and important. In fact, there has been no equally important contribution to European prehistoric archeology, in English, for years.

*The tribulations
of Michelangelo.*

Taken as a whole, Mr. Robert W. Carden's "Michelangelo: A Record of his Life as Told in his Own Letters and Papers" (Houghton) is a monotonous recital of petty tribulations. Obviously Michelangelo's constant preoccupation with three other arts largely accounts for the fact that his deepest self could find but scant expression through the written word. Infrequently does he pen a sentence without a practical and commonplace motive behind it. Such motives,

unfortunately, were supplied in exceptional abundance by the pressure of everyday anxieties. These arose on the one hand from the needs of his father's family, to whose precarious welfare he devoted a lifetime; and, on the other hand, from the capricious desires of his high patrons. If a Renaissance pope or cardinal were not demanding an impossible number of statues "more beautiful and better wrought and finished than any modern figures to be found in Rome to-day" (page 17), the payment for which was often doubtful, — why then a heedless brother or nephew was in need of aid, or a word-thrashing. By the time the reader reaches page 256, he is ready to be surprised at discovering what seems, from its opening, a spontaneous letter of friendship to an old Florentine crony — but which, as too soon appears, was actuated primarily by a desire that the recipient should keep a critical eye on the mistrustful artist's young nephew. Again, in reply to an importunate admirer, Michelangelo gives utterance to his feelings on the principles of sculpture and painting; but he brings the letter to a hasty close, pleading lack of time and energy. In short, those various aspects of an artist's inner life which the reader expects to find recorded in a collection of his letters are scarcely represented. So that the work is actually, notwithstanding its promising title, very narrow in scope, and would sadly mislead the unprepared reader. On the other hand, one who is well acquainted with the great artist's biography and with his works, may be willing to wade through the book for the sake of occasional passages of vital interest otherwise inaccessible outside of the archives: passages redolent of the master's grim humor, large generosity, and rugged force of intellect and emotion, as well as of less attractive but quite characteristic qualities. Between the lines, too, such a reader can find constantly a poignant pathos, especially toward the close of the long story when, still full of high plans for art and beset as ever with tribulations, the old man has to confess that "I have reached the twenty-fourth hour of my day, and no project arises in my brain which hath not the figure of Death graven upon it."

*Mr. Hewlett
and the
fairy-folk.*

Mr. Maurice Hewlett sees fairies. He encountered his first — an elfin boy with marvellously bright, peering eyes and an inhuman trick of strangling rabbits — when he was himself a shy, rather elfin boy of twelve, walking alone through twilight autumn woods. He was not much frightened. Since then his fairies have usually been nymphs, dryads, oreads, — dainty, dancing, joyous shapes, of both sexes but of an appeal essentially feminine. He has had countless adventures with fairy folk; at times he has even lived "in a state of momentary expectation of apparitions." Accounts of some of these and of a few well authenticated experiences of other people in the "delightful land of Fairy" form the main thread of Mr. Hewlett's recent book, "The Lore of Proserpine" (Scribner). The incidents are not told as marvels, since they happened, in the view of

the narrator, in due course of nature; and there is no effort to convert skeptics to a belief in airy spirits. Mr. Hewlett's interest in fairy lore is not controversial. Rather it is æsthetic — spiritual and sensuous by turns. These things happen to him; in that sense assuredly they are true; and their real interest, he feels, lies in their being genuine human experiences with creatures of another order of life — creatures of superhuman loveliness, capable of fierce joy, impulsive, active, unmoral, yielding obedience to no known law but that of being. Incidentally to his fairy experiences, Mr. Hewlett gives inviting glimpses of his boyhood, and he theorizes entertainingly about the duality of human nature that brings poetry, high adventure, romance, and vision into the drab commercial prose of life. Scornfully does he demolish the hypothesis of those who insist on judging others by themselves or regarding humanity as essentially uniform, and denying all realities which they have not experienced. The chapter on "Windows" puts one on the lookout for odd vagaries in one's fellows, awakens sympathy with vagrant, inexplicable impulses, with odd turns of thought and unexpected depths of feeling. There is something of fairy in many humans, according to Mr. Hewlett; and the discovery of these wild, shy sprites and the luring of them into the open of intercourse will be, for most, perhaps, of Mr. Hewlett's readers, the finest flower of his initiation of them into the lore of the fairy kingdom.

*The youth of
Henry VIII.*

Some years ago Mr. Frank Arthur Mumby developed a plan to illustrate certain phases of Tudor history by the use of contemporary letters. He began to carry out his plan by publishing a volume on "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth"; this has recently been followed by another on "The Youth of Henry VIII." (Houghton); and Mr. Mumby hopes to continue the series until the entire history of England is illustrated in this way. The letters published are taken chiefly from the Calendars of State Papers (English); but various other collections, both English and French, have also been used. Of editorial comment there is very little, — only what is necessary to bridge the gap between the successive documents. As not all the documents are accessible elsewhere in printed or translated form, the work may prove of some value to the historical student; but the general reader is seldom attracted to documentary materials in undigested form. The account begins with Henry's birth in 1491, and closes with the secret marriage of his sister Mary to Charles Brandon in 1515. The larger part of the work is devoted to diplomatic intrigues of which international relations were full in that age, and to domestic matters, especially matrimonial negotiations and plans; of the new English life in commerce and industry very little is said. Mr. Mumby's work has no discernible point of view, and shows no bias: the author does not attempt "to pass judgment on controverted topics" but tries "to allow each side to state its case in its own words."

His opinion is, however, rather favorable to the young Henry: he was "spoiled a little, perhaps, by flattery, but even when due allowance is made for exaggeration, a splendid figure of a man . . ." The work contains eight good portraits, all but one of which are of members of the Tudor family.

*Further
researches
in Tibet.*

A third volume of Dr. Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet" (Macmillan) continues his detailed and illuminating account of his adventures among the nomads and pundits of the high plateaus about the sources of the Indus, in the highlands of Western Tibet, and the Sulej valley. These are regions some of which have never been trodden before by the foot of any white man, and the author takes this occasion to defend his claims to discovery which have been questioned by some on the basis of previously published maps. An extensive review of these earlier publications and an exhaustive examination into their sources afford the occasion for a review of previous explorations and explorers of this remote part of the world, as well as an opportunity for a vigorous and seemingly successful defense. The ancient Aryans enveloped this world of impenetrable mountains in a tissue of legends and lyrics. Through this fabric of myths there runs a slender thread of geographic fact, coiled and twisted by each succeeding narrator, even to the present. Dr. Hedin has at last explored and thoroughly mapped the mystic Lake Manasarowar in spite of treaty provisions of the Great Powers, the prohibitions of the Lama and his subordinates, and the great physical obstacles of all but impassable barrier mountains, great elevation, the risks of failing food supply, and the dangers of attack by nomad robbers. The author reiterates his thesis of the great similarities of form between Catholicism and Tibetan Lamaism, quotes extensively from other authorities in defence of his view, and seems to have quite demolished the ultra-montane objectors. Illustrations from photographs and the author's facile pencil abound, and a good map and an ample index maintain the high order of bookmaking established in the first two volumes of this, the fullest account of Tibet yet published.

*Measuring
the influence
of monarchs.*

Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, the author of "Mental and Moral Heredity in Royalty," has carried the thought of this book through to a logical conclusion in his new volume, "The Influence of Monarchs: Steps in a New Science of History" (Macmillan). The earlier work consisted in accumulating facts relating to royal families and those of the first nobility, with two ends in view: One, the ascertainment of the power of heredity over circumstance; the other, the securing of material for a scientific study of the causes by which history moves. The present book is characterized as "the first application of the methods of historical measurement (historiometry) to the larger questions of

national growth and decline." The method is a scientific one, consisting in taking a consensus of historians regarding the qualities of the rulers of fourteen European nations from the beginnings of the middle ages to the opening of the nineteenth century, and comparing this consensus with the progress made under these monarchs' respective rules. An agreement is found between the capacities of sovereigns and actual progress in three-fifths of the cases, the number of correspondences being largely increased if incapacity and lack of progress or retrogression are taken into account. By this method England, significantly, shows little or no relation between the qualities of its sovereigns and true progress since the time of Elizabeth, indicating that democracy and the power of self-government more than offset the influence of monarchs. Generally speaking, Dr. Woods's later work confirms the conclusions of the earlier, to the effect that heredity is a stronger governing factor than environment among the monarchs considered, and that the royal families of Europe show an unduly large proportion of talent and even genius when compared with all others. It is Dr. Woods's intention to provide a firm statistical foundation for a true philosophy of history, whereby correction can be made of the personal estimates of historians and deductions follow which will place the new science of "historiometry" upon a scientific basis, through something analogous to a laboratory method. The book is instructively interesting throughout, not the least curious of the reflections it induces arising from its democratic summoning of these centuries of crowned majesty before the examining board of science, there to receive a grading not unlike that given a potential freshmen class.

More dubious gleanings in psychical research.

Under the title of "Faith and Suggestion" (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly) Mr. E. L. Ash attempts an essay in apologetics, common enough but reminiscent of an escape from danger that was "almost providential." Mr. Ash argues that cures of illness by appeal to religious faith, though fairly well accounted for by suggestion, are almost miraculous. He prefers to believe them so, and tries to ease his logical conscience by bringing in a pointless tale of a young woman whose case was diagnosed by some as tuberculous and by others as hysterical, and who after visions of religious import ceased to be an invalid. Assuming that she was really tuberculous and not hysterical, she had a real illness from which she was miraculously cured; and the photograph of the room in which the visions took place is exhibited in circumstantial evidence. The book is a type of the gleanings in the field of "psychical research," in which the gleaner takes comfort in the view that by liberal concessions one may believe both in faith and in suggestion; the latter as an accredited psychological process answering for the ordinary occasions; and the former for extraordinary ones. Entertaining a crude view of the antagonism between

the "materialists" and the "spiritualists," he offers a crude special plea for the justification of the latter and the discomfiture of the infidel. Similarly-minded readers may gain a feeble reflection of the satisfaction which the author enjoyed in overcoming by faith and suggestion his lingering doubts of the inadequacy of his position.

Alaska of to-day and to-morrow.

The author of "Alaska: An Empire in the Making" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Mr. J. J. Underwood, has spent fourteen years in the far north and has gathered a fund of trustworthy information pertaining to the natural resources of this great territory, its governmental inadequacies, its economic problems, and its industrial and agricultural possibilities. The portrayal is in journalistic style, and the facts are marshalled in effective and often startling array, with a completeness and scope that make the book a veritable up-to-date encyclopædia of things Alaskan. It is far more, however, than a dry recital of statistics, for it is full of human interest from cover to cover, and affords an interesting picture of life in the sea-ports and mining camps of this far northwest. The widespread impression prevails that Alaska is cold and barren, a land of mountains or swamps, of interest only to the transient prospector or occasional sportsman. A broader vision of its latent possibilities is opened here,—of undeveloped fisheries, of wheat fields as yet untilled, of potential meat supply in reindeer and caribou, of copper, iron, and coal awaiting industrial exploitation, and of water power inexhaustible. The author has the conventional local view of the desirability of capitalistic exploitation and of the conservation craze. It is to be hoped that the book will do something towards expediting Congressional action which shall provide adequate local self-government and permit a sane and regulated development of the great resources of this territory, rich in food supplies and in fuel for the western world.

Governmental records of Virginia.

The tenth volume of "The Journal of the House of Burgesses of Virginia," edited by Mr. H. R. McIlwaine, the State Librarian, and published by the Library Board of the Virginia State Library, covers the seven sessions of the House of Burgesses held from 1702 to 1712,—the period being almost exactly that of the reign of Queen Anne. During this time three governors—Nicholson, Nott, and Spotswood—represented the Queen in Virginia. The capital at Jamestown having been destroyed by fire, the seat of government was removed to Williamsburg, where for a time the sessions were held in William and Mary College. The Journals here published are from copies in the English public record office, and have never before been printed. The contents throw light upon governmental practices in the colony of Virginia, the methods and extent of taxation, the disputes between governor and council and the popular house, the problem of imperial control, the tendency of the lower house to extend its powers at

the expense of governor and council, and colonial law-making. These volumes continue to present material of great value for the study of the development of English constitutional government in the New World, and the extension of English methods of local government into new fields and under conditions unknown in the mother country. The work of editor and printer continues to maintain the high standard set by the previous volumes.

*Wonders of
the American
Southwest.*

Miss Agnes C. Laut knows America, from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She has wandered far and wide, with seeing eyes, an open mind, and a gift for extracting information from everyone with whom she comes in contact. What she has learned, from men and books, she has made good use of in persuading the people of America that they need not leave their own continent to find romance and picturesqueness, dramatic episodes, stirring history, or even ancient ruins. She has written in the past of the exploits of French explorers in the north and the west; of the lives and adventures of fur-traders and trappers; of the one-time empire of the Hudson's Bay Company; and what she has written has been both entertaining and informing. In the latest of perhaps a dozen volumes, she takes her readers "Through Our Unknown Southwest" (McBride)—that wonderful region of mountain, desert, and forest, of mile-deep canons, of Spanish missions and prehistoric ruins. She takes us through the enchanted Mesa of Acoma, the Painted Desert, and the Petrified Forests; she shows us the cave dwellings of neolithic man in the Jemez Mountains, the ancient city of Taos, and the Spanish mission of San Xavier at Tucson; and she asks, not without reason, why 120,000 Americans yearly go to Europe in search of the picturesque when their own land teems with it. She tells of a young American who, after he had graduated from Harvard, set out on a round-the-world trip in search of that old-world interest that he did not dream of looking for in his own intensely modern country. In Nagasaki a learned little Jap staggered him by asking eagerly about the antiquities of his own Southwest; in Egypt he learned from an English traveller that America possessed monuments much more ancient than the Sphinx; and, as he wandered among the ruins of Pompeii, he was asked "how America was progressing excavating her ruins." It is well that we should be reminded, and reminded as effectively as Miss Laut does in this book, that we have within comparatively easy reach a vast region of limitless interest to the archaeologist, the historian, and the simple every-day traveller.

*The drama in
modern Italy.*

So universal is the renaissance of the drama to-day that we are interested in the manifestation of the dramatic spirit wherever it appears. Accordingly we are ready to welcome Mr. Addison McLeod's "Plays and Players of Modern Italy" (Sergel) for

giving a pretty full treatment of the Italian drama. The point of view is that of an Englishman who has seen many performances in Italy and who looks at them as a student of the theatre rather than of literature. There is necessarily a good deal of the outlining of plot, which is dull writing and duller reading when unenlivened by apt quotation and comment. From such dullness Mr. McLeod is comparatively free, though at times he is neither very interesting nor very clear. He brings out well the more striking differences between the Italian and the English actor, and shows how the audiences naturally react upon the performers. He has appreciative studies of the great Italian actors, some of whom (Duse and Salvini, for example) are well known on this side. On the whole, the book gives an impression of the author as thoroughly interested in the drama and in love with the Italian acting.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Everyman Encyclopedia" (Dutton), of which two volumes are now before us, is published in the familiar form and at the low price of the other works in "Everyman's Library." There are to be twelve volumes of the complete set, which means that an Englishman can acquire for three dollars, and an American for four, a really satisfactory work of general reference. The volumes contain approximately half a million words each, which marvel is accomplished by double-columned pages and small but by no means illegible type. Roget's "Thesaurus," in two volumes, is another new accession to the reference section of "Everyman's Library."

Professor William Bateson's "Mendel's Principles of Heredity" (Cambridge University Press; imported by Putnam) still remains the standard handbook of Mendelism, notwithstanding the fact that the very rapid advance of knowledge in this field since the appearance of the enlarged second edition three years ago has rendered some portions quite out of date. A third impression of this notable book has recently been issued, with a few pages of additional matter designed to remedy in some measure the defect mentioned. What is needed, however, as the author recognizes, is an entire re-writing of considerable portions of the original text.

In this day and generation when women are coming into their own, such a book as Mr. Willis J. Abbot's "Notable Women in History" (Winston), giving in brief and handy form the chief facts in the lives of seventy-three celebrated female characters, ancient and modern, is assured of a considerable circulation, and will be especially appreciated as a book of reference for women's clubs and for the use of those preparing papers on the woman movement or some kindred theme. Under seven heads—"A Group of Classic Dames," "Many Queens and Some Martyrs," "Women of Wit and Pleasure," "Priestesses of Woman's Cause," "Some Women of the Footlights," "Women in Arts and Letters," and "Women Who Stand Alone"—and with a space varying from three to ten pages devoted to each character, these little biographies are attractively presented, and are in many instances accompanied by a portrait from either a painting or a photograph. The book seems especially adapted to the needs and the resources of our smaller public libraries.

NOTES.

Miss L. M. Montgomery's new story, "The Golden Road," is scheduled for publication September 1 by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.

The authorized translation of Strindberg's novel, "By the Open Sea," is announced for publication this month by Mr. B. W. Huebsch.

"The Work of the Rural School," by Messrs. J. D. Eggleston and Robert W. Bruère, is announced for September issue by Messrs. Harper.

"The Wonder of Life," by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, with many illustrations in color and black-and-white, appears on Messrs. Holt's autumn list.

The extended biography of Goldoni, upon which Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor has long been engaged, will be published in September by Messrs. Duffield & Co.

Two books by Mr. Henry C. Shelley on the autumn list of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. are "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart" and "Shakespeare and Stratford."

A volume on "Poland of To-day and Yesterday," by Mr. Nevin O. Winter, is to be added shortly to Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.'s series of illustrated travel books.

The Western frontier at the close of the Revolution is the scene of Mr. Randall Parrish's latest romance, "The Maid of the Forest," which Messrs. McClurg & Co. announce for early issue.

The account of Dr. Robert Falcon Scott's expedition to the South Pole will be published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. It will comprise two large and profusely illustrated volumes.

Mr. Theodore Dreiser's "A Traveler at Forty" will be among the Century Co.'s autumn books. Mr. Dreiser made his first trip abroad at forty, and this is a record of his impressions and experiences.

Mr. Charles H. Caffin's "The Story of British Painting," originally announced for publication last year, is in hand for issue in October or November. It will contain reproductions of forty famous British paintings.

An exhaustive biography of Preston B. Plumb, for fifteen years United States Senator from Kansas, has been prepared by Mr. William E. Connelley, and will be published next month by Messrs. F. G. Browne & Co.

An analysis of "France of To-day," by M. Paul Sabatier, is an important work immediately forthcoming from the press of Messrs. Dutton. This house has also in press a study of "Prestige" in its various aspects, by Mr. Louis Leopold.

Mr. William Rose Benét, one of the younger American poets, has brought together forty-two of his poems, many of which have seen magazine publication, into a little book which will be issued shortly under the title of "Merchants from Cathay."

Dr. Richard Burton's "The New American Drama," to be issued next month by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., should form an important contribution to critical dramatic literature. The author's chief aim is to trace the growth of a native drama on American soil.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt will contribute to "Scribner's Magazine" the account of the trip which he will take in the early part of 1914 into the Paraguayan and Brazilian interior, where he expects to travel by canoe and on foot through the great South American tropical forest.

In her forthcoming volume entitled "Hawthorne and his Publisher," Miss Caroline Ticknor will tell of the

notable friendship existing between the novelist and her father, William D. Ticknor. Many of Hawthorne's letters are included in the record. Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish the work.

Rabbi Emanuel Sternheim, of Greenville, Mississippi, has been appointed Editor of the American Reviewing Department of "East and West," one of the foremost literary reviews of India. Rabbi Sternheim will have sole charge of the reviewing interests of this periodical in the United States and Canada.

The Irish novelist, "G. A. Birmingham" (Rev. J. O. Hannay), will visit this country on a five-weeks' lecture tour in November and December. He has prepared four lectures,—"The Stage Irishman," "The Irishman in English Fiction," "The Literary Revival in Contemporary Ireland," and "The Economic Revival."

A biography of notable interest this fall will be Dr. C. V. Legros's "Fabre, Poet of Science." M. Henri Fabre, popularly known as the author of "Social Life in the Insect World," has long been recognized among scientists as one of the foremost naturalists of the age. The volume will be published by the Century Co.

Mr. Robert Haven Schaffler's "Romantic America" will be published in book form this autumn, with many illustrations by notable American artists. Mr. Schaffler's sympathetic descriptions cover Mt. Desert and the Maine Coast, Provincetown, the California Missions, New Orleans, Mammoth Cave, the Grand Canon, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, and Pittsburgh.

Two volumes soon to be issued by Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., are "Out of the North," poems of the Klondike country, by Mr. Howard V. Sutherland; and "My Voyage in the U. S. Frigate Congress, 1845-1846," by Elizabeth D. Van Denburgh, daughter of the Hon. Joel Turrill, Consul-General to the Sandwich Islands during the administration of President Polk.

Mr. Clement Shorter is engaged upon what will undoubtedly prove to be the definitive life of George Borrow. He has been collecting material for a long time, and many unpublished letters and papers by Borrow are in his hands. He has lately returned from a visit to Spain, which he undertook in order to become personally acquainted with the Borrow country there.

One of the most important travel books of the autumn season will be Mr. A. Henry Savage-Landor's "Across Unknown South America," in which this veteran explorer tells of his perilous journey of 13,750 miles through a vast unexplored region of Brazil and unfrequented parts of Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Argentine. Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. will publish the work.

An important series of brief handbooks on present-day questions is announced by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. in "The National Social Science Series," to be edited by Dr. Frank L. McVey, President of the University of North Dakota. The first volumes are as follows: "The Family," by Professor John M. Gillette; "The State and Government," by Professor John S. Young; "The City," by Mr. Henry C. Wright; "Political Economy," by Dr. Frank L. McVey; "Money," by Professor William A. Scott; "Banks and Banking," by Professor William A. Scott; "Taxation," by Mr. C. B. Fillebrown; "Competition, Fair and Unfair," by Mr. John Franklin Crowell.

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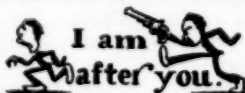
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